The Valiant Sea-mans happy return to his Love, after a long seven Years absence.

Full seven years was he absent from his love,
she constant to him all this while did prove,
Though many proffers she from others had,
But yet the Seaman, that same lusty Lad;
In her poor heart had gotten so much room,
That all she slighted which to her did come;
And now he's come, who to her heart was nearest,
A thousand welcomes she gives to her dearest.

Tune of, *I am so deep in love*: Or, *Through the cool shady Woods.* With Allowance.

When Sol did cast no light,
being darken'd over,
And the dark time of night,
did the skies cover,
Running a River by,
there were Ships sailing,
A Maid most fair I spy'd,
crying and wailing.

Unto this Maid I stept,
asking what griev'd her,
She answered me and wept,
fates had deceiv'd her:
My Love is prest, quoth she,
to cross the Ocean,
Proud Waves to make the Ship,
ever in motion.

We lov'd seven years and more,
both being sure,
But I am left on shore,
grief to endure.
He promis'd back to turn,
if life was spar'd him,
With grief I daily mourn,
death hath debar'd him.

Straight a brisk Lad she spy'd,
made her admire,
A present she receiv'd,
pleas'd her desire.
Is my Love safe, quoth she,
will he come near me,
The young man answer made,
Virgin pray hear me.

Under one Banner bright,
for Englands glory,
Your love and I did fight,
mark well my story;
By an unhappy shot,
we two were parted,
His deaths wound then he got,
though valiant-hearted.

All this I witness can,
for I stood by him,
For courage I must say,
none did out-dye him:
He still would foremost be,
striving for honour;
But fortune is a Whore,
vengeance upon her.

But e're he was quite dead,
or his heart broken,
To me these words he said,
pray give this token,
To my love for there is,
then she none fairer,
Tell her she must be kind,
and love the bearer.

Intomb'd he now doth lye,
in stately manner,
'Cause he fought valiantly,
for love and honour:
That right he had in you,
to me he gave it:
Now since it is my due,
pray let me have it.

She raging flung away,
like one distracted,
Not knowing what to say,
nor what she acted:
To last she curst her fate,
and shew'd her anger,
Saying friend you come too late,
I'le have no stranger.

To your own house return,
I am best pleased,
Here for my love to mourn,
since he's deceased:
In sable Weeds I'le go,
let who will jear me;
Since death has serv'd me so,
none shall come near me.

The chast Penelope,
mourn'd for Ulisses,
I have more grief than she,
rob'd of my blisses:
Ile ne'r love man again,
therefore pray hear me;
Ile slight you with disdain,
if you come near me.

I know he lov'd me well,
for when we parted,
None did in grief excell,
both were true-hearted
Those promises we made,
ne'r shall be broken;
Those words that then he spoke,
ne'r shall be spoken.

He hearing what she said,
made his love stronger,
Off his disguise he laid,
and staid no longer:
When her dear love she knew,
in wanton fashion,
Into his arms she flew,
such is loves passion.

He ask'd her how she lik'd,
his counterfeiting,
Whether she was well pleas'd
with such like greeting:
You are well vers'd, quoth she,
in several speeches,
Could you coyn money so,
you might get riches.

O happy gale of wind,
that waft thee over,
Pray Heaven preserve that ship,
that brought my Lover;
Come kiss me now my sweet,
true love's no slander;
Thou shalt my Hero be,
I thy Leander.

Dido of Carthage Queen,
lov'd stout Æneas,
But my true love is found,
more true than he was:
Venus ne'r fonder was,
of young Adonis,
Then I will be of thee,
since thy love known is.

Then hand in hand they walk,
with mirth and pleasure,
They laugh, they kiss, they talk,
love knows no measure;
Now both do sit and sing,
but she sings clearest;
Like Nightingale in Spring,
welcome my dearest.

FINIS.

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